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NEMO'S ALMANAC

2018

A literary competition in its 127th year

I am a shadow, Nemo, not the masked presence or secret voice of one of the main characters. I am an observer, a student of human nature, a moralist, a man

Edited by Ian Patterson

Price: £3:00

NEMO'S ALMANAC 2018

send to:
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RULES

1. The quotations are to be identified by reference to author, work, and where appropriate line number or number of chapter, canto, book, act or scene. Ten marks are given for each answer with full references, including a printed source. Incomplete answers, guesses, hazards, and bows drawn at a venture will receive marks on their merits. Extra marks may be given for answers found only by one or two competitors, and also for exceptionally good, interesting, or otherwise learned or entertaining answers, at the Editor's discretion.

2. The Prizes are cheques in amounts dictated by the modest budget of the Almanac. No competitor may take a first prize two years running, or any prize at all in the fourth year after three consecutive winning years.

3. Answers are to be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin for marks on the right hand side. Full name and address are to be written on the first page. The entry must reach the editor not later than September 1st 2018. Please mark your envelope 'NEMO'. Entries may alternatively be submitted by email to the editor: ikp1000@cam.ac.uk

4. If a reasonably sized and properly stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed, entries will be returned with an answer sheet.

5. A pseudonym may be used, but prizewinners' actual names may be published.

6. No author is quoted more than once. No extract is in translation.

7. The editor's decision is final in every case.

Nemo's Almanac 2018
Single copy £3 or four for £10
contributions towards postage costs welcomed

January

1
I was so much overcome by her beauty that I really felt as if I'd suddenly got into the sea, and heard the mermaid fluting on their rocks.

2
Glaring at him, Jess said, 'That's nice.' He didn't understand at all. An idea of a stupid mermaid couldn't come to you and scare you; an idea of a mermaid couldn't *get* your Year Five teacher so she never came back.

3
She was British, broad, corporate and fiftyish
With a hint of aristocracy
Her top was woman and her arse was fish
And this is what she said to me:

4
We bought some gray and white checked slippers for Germaine, and then, distracted by a rival firm which was offering the same thing in a lively green, shamelessly took our custom to them; and hardly were the slippers wrapped and paid for than a desire seized us both for yellow bootlaces, both for ourselves and for Gaston, and two sponges on a string, and finally a great hunk of milk-white soap, a mermaid riding a dolphin embossed upon its surface.

5
He tugged at the thin ropes, and nearer and nearer came the circle of flat corks, and the net rose at last to the top of the water. But no fish at all was in it, nor any monster or thing of horror, but only a little Mermaid lying fast asleep. Her hair was as a wet fleece of gold, and each separate hair as a thread of fine gold in a cup of glass.

6
Wednesday a half can of Swedish spirits.
I tilted my head.
The shore was cold with mermaids and angels.

Thursday I got nothing, seaweed,
A whale bone,
Wet feet and a loud cough.

February

1
My fear is of perishing by deliquescence. —I melt away in Nasal and Lachrymal profluvia. My remedies are warm Pediluvium, Cathartics, topical application of a watery solution of Opium to eyes, ears, and the interior of the nostrils.

2
So like the Nose I sing—my verse shall glow—
Like Phlegethon my verse in waves of fire shall flow!

3
He quickly restored his nose to its normal position and began pensively fondling his dropped chin, in the hope of being assailed by imbecilic doubt.

4
Everybody marvels at her nose.
It's beautiful and slender, like her mother's.
I, her younger sister, marvel at
the way she talks to men I do not know.

5
But to bite euery Motley-head vice by'th nose, you did it Ningle to play the Bug-beare Satyre, & make a Campe royall of fashion-mongers quake at your paper Bullets; you Nastie Tortois, you and your Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a yeare

6
Now, I find it needful to inform your reverences and worships, that besides the many nautical uses of long noses enumerated by *Erasmus*, the dialogist affirmeth that a long nose is not without its domestic conveniences also, for that in a case of distress,—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad excitandum focum,* (to stir up the fire).

March

1
It seems, though it was many years ago, only yesterday that we citizens of
a seaside town, standing in ranks along the esplanade, watched, cheering
at the same time with all the force of our lungs, the outset of the three
brothers who, with the inconsiderate fine daring of youth, were prepared,
each in his own way, to go far on bicycles

2
Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown

3
One of the three Books I have with me is Shakespear's Poems: I neer found
so many beauties in the Sonnets—they seem to be full of fine things said
unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits.

4
Three great men lost within one lousy year!—
Sorley MacLean, George Mackay Brown, Norman MacCaig.
Words feel disordered and they can't cohere

5
The threefold terror of love; a fallen flare
Through the hollow of an ear;
Wings beating about the room

6
Our three long and spacious days
Rounded with their summer skies
Above the sea among
The islands of the hills

April

1
My Uncle Henry, for twenty-seven years Vicar of Whitstable, was on these occasions in the habit of saying that the devil could always quote scripture to his purpose. He remembered the days when you could get thirteen Royal Natives for a shilling.

2
O Franco-franc, O Dollar, and O Florin,
Exceed your rights, ferocious-fanged and foreign!
Pengo, Peseta, and Colonial Pound,
Abjure your mineral ancestry

3
I don't feel like I get germs when I hold money. Money has a certain kind of amnesty. I feel, when I'm holding money, that the dollar bill has no more germs on it than my hands do. When I pass my hand over money it becomes perfectly clean to me.

4
Now, who doeth so much *vacate a rebus?* Who rests so much? Who hath so little to do, as the beggar?
Who can sing so merry a note,
As he that cannot change a groat?
Cui nil est, nil deest : 'he that hath nothing, wants nothing.'

5
'I will fill my pockets with change for a sovereign in half-pence, and drown myself in the Thames; but I will not be angry with her even then, for I will put a note in the twopenny-post as I go along, to tell her where the body is. She will be a lovely widow. I shall be a body. Some handsome women will cry; she will laugh demnebly.'

6
ABLATHANABLA hear my spell,
  Come on Saturdays as well!
  By the hidden Names of power,
  Come for half-a-crown an hour!
PAPHRO OSORONOPHRIS, BAROUKH, ADONAÍ, ELOAÍ.

May

1
We Eat Pick & other fish with bones & all without any impediment: but nothing exceeded the Pigeons, which tasted just as if baked in a *pie*, all these being stewed in their own juice, without any addition of water, save what swam about the digester

2
Finally, something came hurtling towards her head—a piece of burning paper, she thought it was, as she dodged away. Then she saw that it was a pigeon, with blazing wings. She put out her hands and ran from it, stumbling in horror, dropping her handkerchief, drawing breath as a new wave of smoke came against her face, and starting to choke.

3
The odd & lated pigeon bounces bye
As if a wary watching hawk was nigh
While far & fearing nothing high & slow
The stranger birds to distant places go

4
Seats should be placed here, under the great columns or by the grass, so that one might enjoy the sunshine after books and watch the pigeons.

5
With cold and trembling hand
She has undone the band
Around the carrier-pigeon just alighted,—
  And instant dies away
  The transitory ray
From the dark eye it had one instant lighted.

6
We stayed there, oh, until far into the morning. There was nothing else. Only the pigeons flying about burning. Some were on the ground, walking in circles into the flames, fascinated.

June

1
After a breakfast of red-eye, as he was making his toilet before the mirror, he suddenly thought he would shave off his moustache in order to become a different man so that the ghosts who had persistently plagued him since his wife's death would no longer recognise him and would leave him alone.

2
Who would have thought that the slim dark man
with the short moustache, playing cards
with friends in a country garden would be
living at seventy on a foreign pension?

3
And now he was walking along the cliff at Hunstanton, on Christmas afternoon, and the thing had happened again. He had had Christmas dinner with his aunt, and he had gone out, as he had told her, to "walk it off". He wore a light raincoat. He was thirty-four, and had a tall, strong, beefy, ungainly figure. He had a fresh red complexion and a small moustache. His eyes were big and blue and sad and slightly bloodshot with beer and smoke.

4
An image of the piano tuner
with a basket of prawns on his shoulder
and a firescreen under his arm
his moustache made of clay-clotted twigs
and his cheeks daubed with wine

5
Brisk, waxed tips to his moustache,
A little Spartan thorn of a man,
Who in his singlet frogleaped, light
As a flame, across the vaulting horse
And sparred with elfin vim.

6
'Doubtless she has been informed of my identity,' said P— , trying to look modest and failing.
'I think it is the famous moustaches,' I said. 'She is carried away by their beauty.'

July

1
It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place anyone could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses which were so thick that they were matted together.

2
Here aged trees Cathedral walks compose,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.

3
Heavy on the garden is the peace of summer.
The lilies straggle and fade sooner
In the light that everywhere
Lifts like a bindweed its white trumpet flower.

4
In this spell-bound afternoon, with no shadows, the roses glared at the strangers, frighteningly bright. The face of the house was plastered with tea-roses: waxy cream when they opened but with vermilion buds.

5
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—

6
I know a garden in a street
  Which no one ever knew;
I know a rose beyond the Thames,
  Where flowers are pale and few.

August

1
Our cold comfortless home—large; full of ill-placed furniture; loud with the echoes of feet on thinly carpeted boards or a chill clatter on black and white tiles; a roof leaking winter, or summer, rain; hard beds; soft, cold bathwater. These were my familiar thoughts about the house, to which I occasionally added an impatient sympathy for Papa's anxieties over rates, leaking valleys in the roof, broken water chutes, as well as his haunting fear and denial of dry rot.

2
No sumptuous Chimney-peece of shining stone
Invites the strangers eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his sight, but cleare
And cheerefull flames, cherish and warme him here:
No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
With Imagery this structures naked face.

3
A long gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sorts of pictorial tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented to the lawn its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers.

4
The façade with its three projecting towers rose precipitously from among the dark trees of the garden. The house basked in full sunlight; the old brick rosily glowed. How ripe and rich it was, how superbly mellow! And at the same time, how austere!

5
Hence, cross the *Court*, through a fine *Portico*
Into the *Body* of the House you go,
Where a proud *Hall* does not at all abate
Anything promis'd by the outward State

6
He stopped and looked away towards the house: turrets and gables, the glaring plate glass in Gothic windows, the unrestful patterns of red, white and black brick. Creeper spread like doubt around the openings at the western end.

September

1
As the Soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of Friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in hast,
And then streight again is fled.

2
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

3
It was as though a veil had been rent. I saw on that ivory face the expression of sombre pride, of ruthless power, of craven terror—of an intense and hopeless despair. Did he live his life again in every detail of desire, temptation, and surrender during that supreme moment of complete knowledge? He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision,—he cried out twice

4
Alas, thy dazzled Eye
Beholds this Man in a false glaring Light,
Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.

5
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror;

6
I longed, yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of the eternal night encompassed me.

October

1
'Tis but a box, of modest deal;
  Directed to no matter where;
Yet down my cheeks the teardrops steal—
Yes, I am blubbering like a seal;
For on it is this mute appeal,
        "*With care.*"

2
Ann in chill moonlight unlocks
Her polished brassbound treasure-box,
Draws a soft breath, prepares to spread
The toys around her on the bed.

3
The men by this time had successfully removed the box from the van, had plumped it down on the pavement, and now stood leaning against it, or gazing at the door of No. 16, in visible physical distress and mental embarrassment.

4
        I know, I feel
the meaning that words hide;

they are anagrams, cryptograms,
little boxes, conditioned

to hatch butterflies

5
In the band of his hat the journeying boy
  Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box

6
I had to go back to the kitchen to see if there were any matches on the back of the stove. I should have thought of that straight away. I groped delicately along the surface above the oven dials, past the cool facets of the salt and pepper shakers, and finally I came to a shape that moved easily when I touched it: the red box of wooden matches standing on its side.

November

1
Our fig-tree, that leaned for the saltness, has furled
  Her five fingers,
Each leaf like a hand opened wide to the world

2
The fig is a very secretive fruit.
As you see it standing growing, you feel at once it is symbolic:
And it seems male.
But when you come to know it better, you agree with the Romans, it is female.

3
The fig of Spain!

4
When we got there we saw figs scattered all over the stone paving. Some of them were old and squashed, others had broken open, with wasps dancing around the wound or gnawing at the sticky red and white flesh. It was a huge tree and there were a lot of figs on the ground. And, then David did this amazing thing. *He told Eleanor to get on all fours and eat all the figs off the terrace.*

5
in the evenings they would lean over the fuchsia hedge, balancing precariously on their steeds' backs, and, smiling, hold out gifts for me—a bunch of amber grapes still sun-warmed, some figs black as tar striped with pink where they had burst their seams with ripeness

6
They took many sticks and hit them together, whack smack, as though they fought the Pandava wars,and threshed and churned with them, and later on they hung from the roof of the temple, in a net, a great black earthenware jar, which was painted here and there with red, and wreathed with dried figs.

December

1
Yaugh, God o'man, what dost thou there ? Duke's Ganymede, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what wouldst, weasel? Thou lamb o'court, what dost thou bleat for? Ah, you smooth-chinned catamite!

2
No object Strephon's eye escapes,
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot
All varnished o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stained with the marks of stinking toes;

3
I was of course inadequately covered, but whose fault was that? And I had to part with my straw, not made to resist the rigours of winter, and with my stockings (two pairs) which the cold and damp, the trudging and the lack of laundering facilities had literally annihilated.

4
"Is the blue in eyes
As awful as in stockings after all,
I wonder, that you'd have my business out
Before I breathe—exact the epic plunge
In spite of gasps?"

5
No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was crammed so full of goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book.

6
Under the bed was a store of parcels. She opened them and filled the stockings with sugar-plums and lollipops, and placed little gifts at the foot of each bed. Then she ran downstairs to the kitchen, where the dying fire flickered softly.

NEMO 2017 ANSWERS:

Cover: Thomas Carew, An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of the Lady *Ann Wentworth*, and the Lord *Lovelace*

January
1 Joseph Addison, *The Spectator* 626, Monday November 29, 1714 [This essay was actually written by Rev. Henry Grove, but this is not signalled in most editions.]
2 William Allingham, '[What! am I too grown old? How days have hasted!]'
3 Peter Pindar, 'The Owl and the Parrot'
4 Hugo Williams, 'World's End'
5 Katherine Mansfield, 'At The Bay'
6 Robert Duncan, 'Ben Jonson, HYMENAEI or The Solemnities of Masque, and barriers', ll 93-96, in *Ground Work*

February
1 Saki, *The Unbearable Bassington*
2 Robert Bridges, *Testament of Beauty*, Book II, 'Selfhood', ll. 259-264
3 Robert Tressell, *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, p.505
4 Andrew Lang, 'Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of The Shelley Society'
5 Oscar Wilde, *Vera*, Act 2. Prince Paul speaking, to the Czar
6 Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones), 'A Poem for Speculative Hipsters', in *The Dead Lecturer*

March
1 Richard Jefferies, 'Sunny Brighton', *The Open Air*
2 Selima Hill, 'My Sister's Hats', in *Violet*
3 George Farquhar, *The Recruiting Officer*, Act 3, scene 2, Balance speaking
4 Thomas Moore, 'Ode to a Hat'
5 Ian McMillan, 'The Continuity Girl Has Died', in *Dad, the Donkey's On Fire*
6 Jane Austen, *Mansfield Park*, Ch. 13

April
1 Lord Byron, *Letters*, vol 8, p. 111-12, quoting Bowles
2 Elizabeth Bowen, *The House in Paris*, Part I
3 Lawrence Ferlinghetti, in *A Coney Island of the Mind*
4 Ernest Dowson, 'Soli Cantare Periti Arcades : For Aubrey Beardsley'
5 Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey*, 'The Husband, Paris'
6 Charles Cotton, 'Ode: To Chloris from France', stanza viii

May
1 Ruth Pitter, 'The Return', ll. 7-9 in *A Trophy of Arms: Poems 1926-1935*
2 William Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 5, scene iv
3 John Clare, 'The Nightingales Nest', ll 1-4, *Midsummer Cushion*
4 E.B. Browning, 'Bianca Among the Nightingales'
5 Thomas Nashe, *Pierce Pennilesse*
6 Thomas Hardy, *The Woodlanders*, Chap. XIX

June
1 D.H. Lawrence, *The Trespasser*, Ch. VIII
2 W.S. Graham, 'Dear Bryan Wynter'.
3 Beatrix Potter, *The Tale of Jemima Puddle-duck*
4 Sylvia Townsend Warner, *Summer Will Show*
5 Anne Countess of Winchilsea, 'A Nocturnal Reverie'
6 Michael Symmons Roberts, 'Swimming at Gadara' in *Raising Sparks*

July
1 John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book I, 322-25
2 Henry James, *The Wings of the Dove* , Book VIII, iii
3 Robert Graves, 'Nothing Now Astonishes'
4 Charlotte Bronte, *Villette*, Ch. XXII
5 Emily Dickinson 61 ('Papa above!')
6 Aldous Huxley, *After Many a Summer*, Ch. 13

August
1 H.D., 'Storm'
2 Salman Rushdie, *Midnight's Children*, Book 1, Ch. 2 last para
3 Robert Creeley, 'The Cracks', last four lines
4 Robert Herrick, 'Conformitie'
5 Kamau Brathwaite, *The Arrivants*, IV Pebbles
6 Adrienne Rich, 'The Middle-aged'

September
1 James Joyce, *Dubliners*, 'The Boarding House', *Dubliners*
2 Dorothy Richardson, 'Haven', in *Journey to Paradise*
3 Christopher Smart, 'The Tea-Pot And Scrubbing-Brush'
4 Rosamund Lehmann, *The Weather in the Streets*, Ch. 1
5 C.S. Calverley, 'Dover to Munich'
6 Evelyn Waugh, *Vile Bodies*, Ch. 4

October
1 George Orwell, *The Lion and the Unicorn: Socialism and the English Genius*, II, *CEJL* ii
2 John Marston, *The Malcontent*, Act 2, sc. 1
3 Ian McEwan, *The Children Act*
4 Thomas Holcroft, *The Adventures of Hugh Trevor*, Vol I, Ch. ix
5 Edgell Rickword, 'Human Rights Year 1974: Piers Plowman's Vision'
6 John Galsworthy, *In Chancery*, Ch 4, 'Soho'

November
1 Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*, Ch. 2
2 J.H.Prynne, 'Die A Millionaire', *Kitchen Poems*
3.Robert Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, love of learning or overmuch...
4 Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 'The Stevedores'
5 Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*
6 Alexander Trocchi, *Young Adam*, Ch. 2

December
1 Christina Rossetti, 'Monna Innominata, 14
2 Edmund Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Canto I
3 John Keats, *Lamia*, ll. 265-68
4 Samuel Rogers, *Italian Journal*, Bavino Oct 6th
5 Iris Murdoch, *Nuns and Soldiers*
6 Nigel Forde, 'Movements', *A Map of the Territory*

Marks and Prizes

First Prize

733 Susan Woodman and Philip Hearsum

Second Prize

716 Gli Amici

Third Prize

713 Brian Jordan

697 Elspeth Christie
672 Michael Webb-Ingall and Robbie Ellen
633 Nigel Forde
588 Alison Sheehan-Hunt
573 Mrs C. Pearce
552 Jenny Naish
549 W A Kyle
468 Michael and Carolyn Greet
442 The Mossfield Gang
417 Laurence Inman
387 Mary Milne-Day, Sara Price and Anne Willitts
380 Rosemary Johnson
248 Alan Langley
216 Kenneth Thornton
210 Steven Osborn
154 Tom Durham

REMARKS

Well, 2017 may have been too difficult. I was nervous about making my first Nemo too easy in case I let down the long tradition of fiendishlyhardness, but I perhaps went a bit too far in the other direction. Which may have deterred some competitors from sending in their answers, although I hope not. There's no shame in sending in guesses or just getting a small number of quotations—my first score, nearly thirty years ago, was something 140: you have to start somewhere. Anyway, I've tried to be a bit less recondite this time, and though there are still quite a number of prose extracts, I think they're fairly findable. All the same, it is a pleasure to discover the ways some of you tracked the quotations down, as for example by looking up keywords in the OED and finding helpful citations ('platonesque' in February 2 was a useful word to look up this year). The quotations from Dorothy Richardson and Nigel Forde proved the hardest to find; I had hoped Nigel's years as Nemo might have created some kind of recognizable aura around the lines from his poem, but alas, it was a vain hope. I don't think anything this year will be quite so hard to find as those, or the William Allingham, which I have to confess, got left in by mistake. It was meant to be a place-holder until I found something better, and I forgot all about that in the final rush. So my apologies, and sincere congratulations to those of you who tracked it down. No marks have been deducted from the scores of those who didn't, and a small bonus has been added to the scores of those who did. I'm grateful, too, to those who used Google to find or verify quotations, and marked the answers accordingly. I suppose that as libraries move increasingly online resources, and charge more for books on inter-library loan, it will become increasingly difficult to avoid electronic resources. But I hope we can put off that day for a while yet.

I'm grateful for all the letters you send, and try to answer them where appropriate, and I'm especially grateful to those of you who generously send overpayments. For the first time, I've decided to accept submissions by email, in the hope that this may encourage a greater number of entries: and the more email addresses I can gather, the easier (and cheaper) communication about Nemo will become. So if you would like to, do send me your email address. One other thing—I shall have to institute a modest price rise for the 2019 almanac, to £4 a copy or £10 for three, but prices remain the same for this year, and this price rise should be the last for a long while.

On a cheerier note, I've put together a Nemo book, a proper hardback, which will be published by Profile Books in November. It is a departure

from the almanac in several ways: it's much bigger, with 440 questions instead of 73, and all except 60 of the questions have answers in the back. The rest constitute a proper Nemo-style quiz. It's not so difficult, so I hope it will act as a sort of nursery slope to attract potential enthusiasts. It also reprints Alan Hollinghurst's history of Nemo's first hundred years from the 1991 almanac. It would make a good Christmas present for friends and relations, and if it sells well enough it will strengthen Nemo's always somewhat precarious financial position.

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2018 NEMO OUT SHORTLY: a bard writes…

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of quotes I know I ought
To know, and so bewail my dear time's waste;
Nightly I strain my eye o'er dusty books,
Looking for precious clues to cast some light,
And weep afresh when everything that looks
As if I know it, simply isn't right.
That *NEMO*'s hard has always been well known,
And yet full many competitors have tried
Successfully to nail it, and have grown
Adept at recognition, to their pride.
So if you haven't won yet, know, my friend,
All losses help you triumph in the end.

If you would like a copy, or multiple copies, of the 2018 issue of NEMO'S ALMANAC, please send £3 per copy, plus 50p per copy towards postage, to the editor
Dr Ian Patterson, Queens' College, Cambridge CB3 9ET, UK

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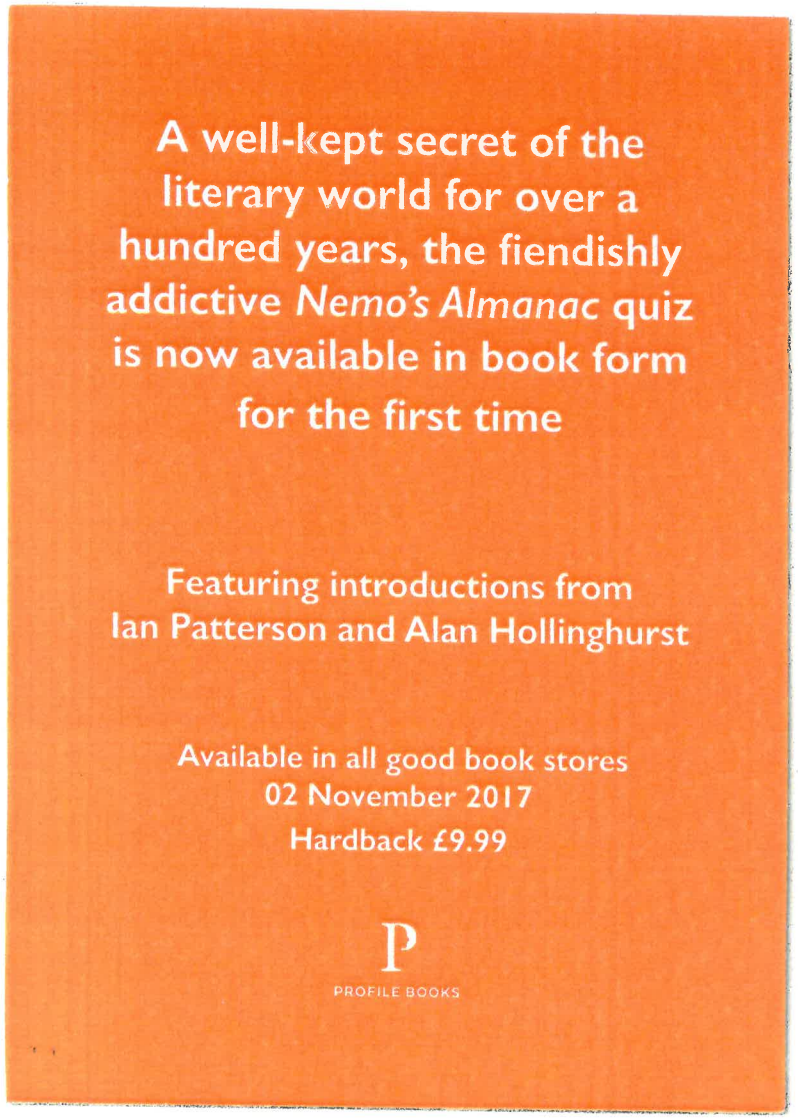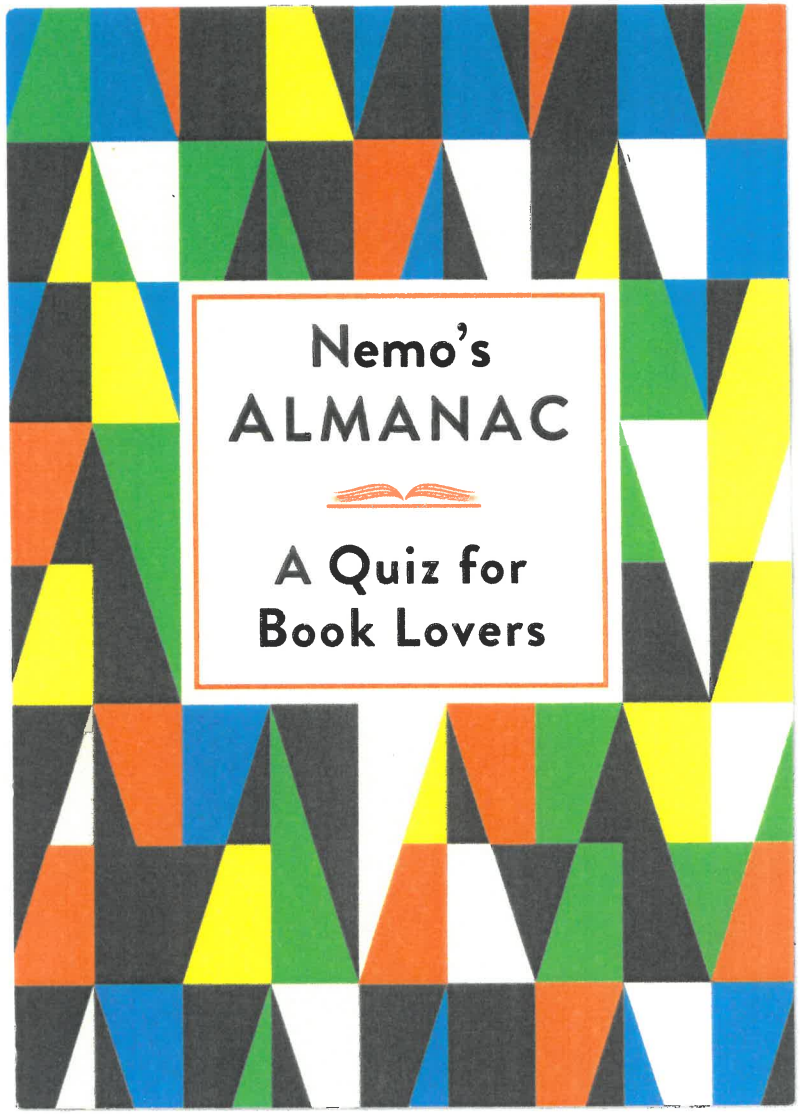
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